

## ALL MAKE MERRY

"Pancake Night" Old World Period of Rejoicing.

Also Time of Fear for Bachelors Able But Not Willing to Take unto Themselves Brides.

In the Old World the last night of Shrove-tide, the night of February 28, the time of many marriages, is a general night of rejoicing and merry-making, writes Katherine Edelman in the Kansas City Star. With the long days of Lent looming ahead, youth strives to fly as much joy as possible from the fleeting hours. And so in every home, until the clock chimes the midnight hour, there is a good time for old and young.

The man of the house, gathering a few of his old cronies together, takes an extra smoke or two from his pipe, the pipe which he bids the good woman of the house hide away before retiring on that night, and which he sees not again until the Easter sun comes up over the hills. On this night, too, comes a welcome opportunity to toast the health of any young married couples present, and there are always a few of them, for in every community there are dozens of weddings during Shrove-tide.

Pancake night, as the name implies, is also the night on which a huge pancake is mixed up to be baked and cut after the hours of dance and song are ended. The pancake is usually stirred up by the woman of the house and in addition to the things that go to make it palatable, there is stirred into it a number of articles, any one of which will determine the fate of the one who gets it in the portion served them. A wedding ring, a silver spoon and a button are the articles usually mixed in the cake batter. And lucky indeed is considered the maiden who finds the wedding ring in the portion of pancake served her. For the Fates have willed that before a year passes she will be led to the altar. In marked contrast looms the future of the one to whom comes the button, for to her will never come the joyous peal of wedding bells, her lot is to walk alone through life's ways. The silver spoon, which foretells wealth to whoever may find it, is of course not at all despised.

Pancake night is a time when all tardy bachelors begin to fear for the morrow, because for several days after this night life becomes almost a burden for him who could, but did not take unto himself a wife. From the small boy up to the tottering grand old man, all conspire to make him see the error of his ways, and say often in consequence, when Easter-time comes, he is one of the first to lead a blushing bride to the altar. And because of this, very often the maiden who was lucky enough to find the wedding ring in her portion of pancake Shrove Tuesday, is led to the altar before even the allotted time for the fulfillment of the prophecy has passed, thereby fixing more firmly in the minds of her companions the truth of the things the Shrove Tuesday pancake tells.

**Duration of Life Prolonged.**  
Since 1865, according to the findings of the American emergency council's committee on elimination of waste in industry, the duration of life has lengthened by five years and the nation has benefited by the extent of millions of dollars by lessened disability and sickness. There is still a standing sick list of 2,000,000 persons, but this is a marked reduction from the 3,000,000 of 1901. The improvement is due, not to any physical advance of the race, but to a mitigation of the struggle for existence and a protection of the community from communicable disease. A survey of five basic industries shows that the average individual now loses only seven days annually from sickness, as compared with 13 days in 1903. —Scientific American.

**Explanation Accepted.**  
"How fast were you going?"  
"Your honor, I was just crawling along."  
"It's rather curious that most of the people who are charged in this court with speeding say they were 'crawling along.'"  
"Your honor, I'm a professional cyclist. An ordinary observer might have thought my car was traveling at high speed, but to me it was crawling."  
"Ahem! I understand your point of view exactly, and out of respect to your hazardous profession, where speed is essential to safety, I'll fine you \$25 for crawling."

**Record Maine Salmon.**  
What is supposed to be the largest landlocked salmon ever taken with hook and line from a Maine lake or pond was caught at Green Lake by Luther Moore, an employee of the United States government fish hatchery, and weighed 16 1/2 pounds.

Nothing to equal this for a salmon has ever been heard of in eastern Maine, and so far as known now it is the biggest on record. One Bangor man said that he had heard of one weighing 15 pounds being caught with hook and line at Green Lake, but that was in the dim and misty past.

**Women Have Monograms Tattooed.**  
Tattooing is said to be gaining favor among women as a means of identification. Rumors from London are to the effect that a women's shampooing parlor has many patrons, most of whom are having their monograms or coats of arms tattooed on their backs. —Manchester Guardian.

According to statistics of National Catholic Welfare Council, college graduates, making up only one per cent of the national population, comprise more than 50 per cent of those who achieve leadership in various walks of life.

## JACKASS FAMED AS FIGHTER

Animal's Bulldog Tactics Enable Him to Defeat in Combat the More Active Horse.

Fights between the males of the larger domestic animals are apt to be marked by their ferocity. This is especially the case with fights between stallions. Residents of horse-breeding communities in Kentucky and Virginia have tales to relate of these encounters, which often result in the death of one or both of the four-footed warriors. The same indomitable spirit which makes the thoroughbred struggle in a race finds play in battles in which teeth and hoofs are employed relentlessly.

But formidable as the thoroughbred stallion is when his fighting powers are aroused, he has one adversary which is his superior in such encounters. There are numerous instances of a jackass defeating a stallion in a fairly fought battle. In the early stages of such a contest the horse through his superior agility is the master, but unless he succeeds in crippling his antagonist through the breaking of a leg the outcome is usually a dead horse.

Broken ribs will not stop a jackass, which fights with one eye in view, the gripping of the windpipe of his foe, his teeth and hoofs he uses in unceasingly until his hold is obtained and then like a bulldog he clings with tenacity to his enemy.

Residents of the vicinity of the old Brighton Beach racetrack at Coney Island some years ago recall a fight between one of William Lakeland's thoroughbred stallions and a jackass which had the run of the infield of the property. Lakeland was a noted turfman in his day, having been a clever jockey before graduating as a trainer and owner. He was warned against turning the stallion into the same paddock with the jackass, but laughingly remarked that his horse could defend himself.

The horse was the aggressor and for the first five minutes he had the advantage. In maneuvering for a throat hold the jackass seized the stallion by the jaw. He brought the horse to his knees and would have speedily killed him but for the arrival of several stablehands armed with clubs and pitchforks.

**Liquid Fuel.**  
For a long time liquid fuel was employed only for steam production, but an indication of the wide application that it may have in many forms of industry is afforded by the experience of the owners of a large glass manufactory at South Hackney, in England. The experiments there were begun more than ten years ago and after overcoming many difficulties, a special form of burner was evolved which appears to be entirely satisfactory. Four to five thousand gallons of oil are burned every week with perfect combustion and a total absence of smoke, and the temperature obtained ranges from that of a baker's oven to that required for melting crucible steel. Elsewhere in England liquid fuel has been applied to such industries as the distillation of petroleum, steel smelting, heating the kilns for the production of artificial gas, carbonizing electric light filaments and heating furnaces of various kinds. —Washington Star.

**Alaskan Gulls Defended.**  
The Alaskan gulls eat a great many fish eggs, but usually these are eggs, mostly dead, that float ashore, to be picked up on the beaches by the birds. They would not hatch anyway. There is no warrant for the statement that sea gulls are wholesale destroyers of floating fish eggs and young fishes in the Atlantic or anywhere else. Naturally, if not quite all, of the Atlantic coast states have laws protecting sea gulls. But these laws were not made for "continuity's sake." The gulls are not allowed to be killed for the common reason that they are indispensable as sea scavengers. —Exchange.

**Knew What She Wanted.**  
An Indianapolis bookseller repeats this conversation between herself and a woman customer:  
"Say, I want to get a book for my husband."  
"What kind of a book?"  
"Well, I hardly know."  
"A book of travels?"  
"No."  
"A love story?"  
"Nothing like that."  
"A book of science?"  
"No, nothing on science."  
"A book on adventure?"  
"No."  
"You don't want fiction, then?"  
"Yes, yes, that's it. I want a book on fiction."

**Something to Praise.**  
"You don't seem to think much of my car," said the owner of a dilapidated flyover.  
"I wouldn't say that," replied the faithful garage man. "What do you call this contraption here on the front of your radiator?"  
"That's a figure of Mercury. I bought it for an ornament."  
"Well, now, that's about as neat a piece of work as anything I ever saw." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

**"Black Monday."**  
The name given to a memorable Easter Monday in the year 1351, which was very dark, and misty. A great deal of hail fell, and the cold is said to have been so intense that hundreds died from its effects. The name afterward came to be applied to the Monday after Easter of each year. It is also a schoolboy term for the Monday on which school reopens after vacation. —Chicago Journal.

Paris policemen are now provided with motorcycles that can carry four other officers of the law in the side car.

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## How Hiram Won an Opera Star

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB  
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"That big white house on the cliffs under, mister?" asked the old guide. "That's Hiram Smith's place. He's one of the richest men round here and we think a deal of him. We called that 'Hiram's Folly' once, but folks don't call it that any more, for now it's a house, and then it was a barn without a roof, and nobody thought Hiram would get the money to finish it. That bit of an old wreck there was the 'Patagonia' once, and she was a fine ship in the days when she used to ply between Boston and Portland. It was when she went ashore that we stopped speaking of 'Hiram's Folly.'"

In his vivid speech he drew the man's picture until I could visualize him—Hiram Smith, the young fisherman, baiting his lobster pots or netting as guide, during the brief summer months, to the visitors at Rundle's Bay. One summer there came a party of opera singers from New York who had taken the strange fancy to pay a week's visit to this little coastal village of Maine.

But even there the fame of Marian Kemper had spread. It was not her genius that was admired, but the fact that she, a girl of twenty-five, born in Iowa of simple farmer stock, had been so endowed by nature that she earned thousands of dollars in one evening by the gift of her voice. When Hiram Smith first saw her in his boat he stared at her till he nearly lost his ears. She was the most beautiful woman whom he had ever seen. And when she sang, the world seemed suddenly a thing of crystal and fire to him.

Marian Kemper was at first puzzled and then interested in the devotion of the young fisherman. And on the last evening Hiram Smith offered her "his heart and hand." Those were his words, she told the laughing crowd at the hotel. He wanted her to share his cottage and his lobster pots! And when she had shivered his self-esteem with a few kindly, yet cutting words, he said simply:

"I will win you yet."  
Hiram Smith never followed the sea again. He disappeared for two years. When he returned he deposited a thousand dollars in the bank and bought the piece of ground on which, stone by stone, he erected "Hiram's Folly." It grew as his bank deposit increased, but Smith became known as a master of finance, in a small way, the greediest man in New England, and the shrewdest at bargaining. He built a store that ousted all others.

The years passed slowly. Hiram was a man of thirty-five, and Marian about his age, when the tragedy of her life happened. For ten years she had been a "star." Now her voice failed her. She had never married. At first she lived in the hope of regaining her vocal powers. Then, forced to earn a living, she went on the stage.

One day when she was at the end of her resources, a stranger introduced himself to her. He wished to start a company of his own. Would she be the perpetual "star" and let him bear the expense and take what profits there were? She consented. Marian Kemper had become the pensioner of an unknown man.

About this time "Hiram's Folly" was completed. The empty house stood on the hill. Hiram was often to be seen upon the cliffs, spy glass in hand. People said that he was waiting for some ship that never came. The summer after his retirement the order went out that Marian's company was to tour New England, especially the coast towns. It played from Newport to Bangor and back again. The next year the same itinerary was scheduled. And that was when the Patagonia found her end upon the rocks of Rundle's reef. It was a wild winter's morning when Marian's company found their vessel stranded off shore in danger of breaking up. Hiram Smith was first to volunteer in the lifeboat crew. And the first person whom he encountered upon the vessel's deck was Marian. He drew her to his side.

"There's plenty of time," he said. "The ship don't look like breaking up for a while. You wouldn't be sorry if the company broke up with her, I reckon?"

"No," she said, looking at him. "No."

"Some folks' lives break up like ships," said Hiram, and that was the wildest flight he ever made into metaphor.

"Yes," she said, laughing and shivering in the wind. "You're right." "You don't remember Rundle's Bay?" asked Hiram. "You were never here before?"

"Yes," she answered with sudden remembrance. "That was long ago, though—fourteen years and more."

"It's been longer for me," answered Hiram Smith. "You don't recall that boat ride down by the reef and how I said I'd get you again? I've got all I've wanted but you, Marian. Now I'm going to have you as well. That's our house on the hill. Now we'll get into the boat."

That was all the guide's story. But, knowing the depths that underlie the calm exterior of the New England nature, I suspected that there was more. And I pictured Hiram, whose 14 years were rewarded, and his relentless quest that was crowned with success. Then, looking up, I saw children on the steps of "Hiram's Folly" and heard their distant laughter, and then I knew that the story had not been told in its completeness.

## CITY COMMISSION

Alma, Michigan, August 15, 1922  
Regular meeting of the City Commission of the city of Alma, Michigan, in session at the Council Chambers on above date.

Meeting called to order at 8:00 o'clock p. m. by Acting Mayor Floyd H. Glass.

Present — Commissioners Archer, Creaser and Acting Mayor Glass.  
Absent — Commissioner Chick and Mayor Murphy.

There being a quorum present the commission was declared to be in session.

The minutes of the last preceding regular meeting were read and approved.

Reading of bills and claims:  
Alma Electric & Battery Co., \$ 20.70  
American R. R. Express Co., 13.90  
Alert Pipe & Supply Co., 14.86  
Alert Pipe & Supply Co., 16.80

Saginaw  
Mrs. F. G. Bennett 10.00  
Brown & Schler Co. 17.48  
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. 507.90  
Detroit Graphite Co. 23.50  
Dearborn Chemical Co. 33.60  
Electric Appliance Co. 315.00  
Erie Pump & Engine Works 56.00  
Gratiot County Oil Co. 45.25  
Home Lumber & Fuel Co. 394.52  
Little Rock Coal Co. 898.76  
Detroit Lead & Pipe Works 68.84  
Morley Bros. 7.25  
National Meter Co. 705.00  
F. Whitcraft 42.75  
Mrs. Francis King 7.50  
Chas. R. Morgan 1.56  
Holmes, Crane & Bartling 2479.44  
United Bird Store, Saginaw 92.60  
V. Lowe 27.50  
M. Mapes 24.00  
P. Barr 22.00  
W. Wheeler 22.40  
C. Vine 24.00  
S. NewComber 2.00  
L. McCann 5.70  
F. N. Grover 48.00  
R. Scheib 24.00  
J. Lutz 18.00  
J. Wilson 18.00  
B. Jones 18.00  
E. L. Overmyer 21.00  
C. VanNorman 18.00  
R. Utley 3.50  
J. Black 21.00  
J. Graves 21.00  
B. Williams 30.00  
J. Zimmerman 26.42  
W. Kirkby 13.13  
A. Wiley 17.50  
J. Howe 30.00  
O. Mack 30.00  
F. King 30.00  
H. Voller 30.00  
C. Sutton 20.00  
W. Whitmore 24.00  
H. Faught 24.40

It was moved by Commissioner Creaser and supported by Commissioner Archer that the above bills as read be allowed and the clerk be instructed to issue orders for same covering vouchers Nos. 1349-1360.

Ayes: Commissioners Archer, Creaser, and Acting Mayor Glass.  
Nays: None.

Moved by Commissioner Archer and supported by Commissioner Creaser that the petition for the construction of a sidewalk on the South side of Liberty St., between Court St. and Euclid avenue, be placed on file.

Ayes: Commissioners Archer, Creaser, and Acting Mayor Glass.  
Nays: None.

Moved by Commissioner Archer and supported by Commissioner Creaser that the commission adjourn. The motion prevails.

Clarence F. Black, Clerk.  
Floyd H. Glass, Acting Mayor.

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Old Dutch Cleanser, per can	9c
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Liptons Famous Coffee, per pound	40c
White House Coffee, per pound	39c
Peaberry Coffee, per pound	27c
Kelloggs Bran, per pkg.	21c
Kelloggs Shredded Wheat Biscuit, per pkg.	10c
Spaghetti, per pound	9c
Macaroni, per pound	8c
Granulated Sugar, per pound	8 1/2c

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